Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXV., No. 9. MONTREAL, MARCH 2, 1900. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

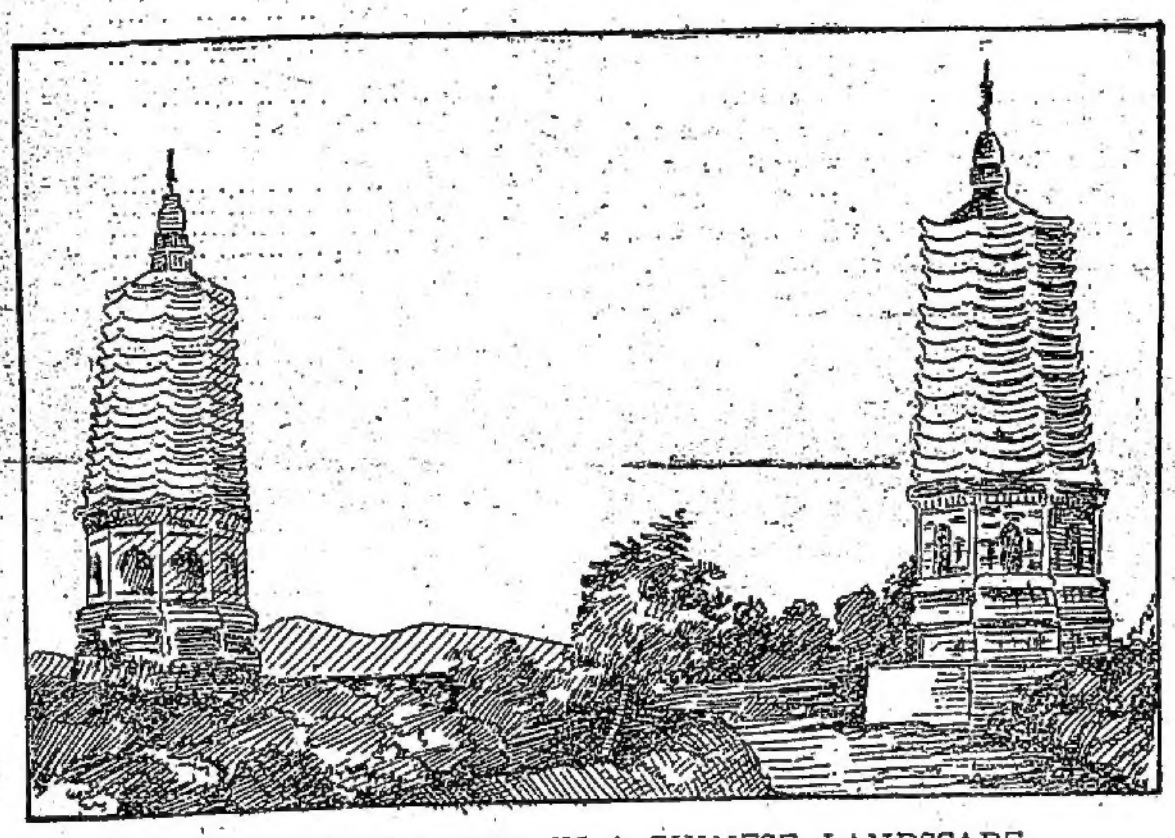
The Kwangning T'a.

Pagodas, or t'as, as they are called by the natives, are a common feature in a Chinese landscape. We have a good many of them in Manchuria; Chinchow, Kaiyuan, Kwangning, can all boast of their t'as, and smaller ones are found scattered over the country. In Mongolia also they are found. The city of Chaoyang, where Gilmour labored so long, is also known by the name San tsoa t'a, owing to its having had at one time three of these structures. In Nankin there used to be a very famous pagoda, erected in 1413 by the third sovereign of the Ming dynasty, to commemorate his gratitude to his mother. It was called the Porcelain Tower, because the outside bricks were made of beautiful white poreclain richly enamelled. It is stated that five pearls of great price were set in the roof of the pagoda in order to exercise a good influence. The first was to prevent the Yang-tse-kiang overflowing its bed; the second, to prevent fires; the third, to avert tempestuous winds; the fourth, to put a check on the dust storms; the fifth, to protect the city during the hours of darkness. This pagoda was an octagon of nine stories, and altogether was over two hundred feet high. It is said to have cost £200,000 sterling. In 1856 this pagoda, which had been looked upon as one of the wonders of the world for four hundred years, was destroyed by Chinese rebels, so that now there is not one brick left standing upon another.

'We build with what we call eternal rock,
A distant age asks where the fabric stood.'

These t'as seem to have some connection with religion, and are often erected in the precincts of the Buddhist temples, and sometimes over the tombs of Buddhist priests distinguished for their zeal in the discharge of their sacred duties. In the angles are hung bells, which are played on by the wind, and make a pleasant tinkling sound.

Another reason for their erection is that they have good geomantic influences over the fields, towns, and villages in the vicinity. The two t'as in the picture are in the city of Kwangning, where Mr. Hunter, of the Irish Presbyterian Board, is laboring so successfully.



A COMMON FEATURE IN A CHINESE LANDSCAPE.

Early Rising.

(By Rev. D. Sutherland, in N. Y. 'Ledger.')

A popular proverb is not always the most satisfactory argument. It occasionally proves too much. An illustration of this is seen in the frequently quoted adage that the early bird catches the worm. If the bird was a gainer by its early habits the opposite must be said of the worm. It is a poor principle that does not work equally well on all sides of its application. In spite of the countless instances in which this proverb has been quoted as an infallible law of conduct in books of good advice, the impression is deepening in our heretical generation that it is neither so wise nor so helpful as our teachers would have us believe it to be. Sharp eyes cannot be closed to observation of the fact that many early risers justify the criticism that 'they are conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon.' This is a far fram enviable state of matters. If it could be avoided by remaining a little longer in bed, the extra sleep would be a gain rather than a loss.

One thing is clear and certain. Early rising that is secured at the cost of shortening the necessary amount of sleep is unquestionable folly. Experience and medical testimony are emphatic on this point. Sleep is worth all the medicine in the world. It is indispensable to health, and health is indispensable to success. Certain biographies contend strongly that early rising is not only a moral duty, but that it is also an essential factor in money-making. Mr. Samuel Smiles has preached at great length and with vigorous emphasis through the careers of successful men the way to win the top of the ladder. Almost all his self-made men rose at daylight, or before it, in order to turn fifty cents into a dollar, but he forgets to mention what a heavy price some of them paid for their prosperity. The worm lost his life through his early habits, and the same fate has overtaken prosperous merchants. We are wiser than that in our day, for we have learned that as a man curtails his sleep so he curtails his chance of success. The struggle for success is hard and strenuous, and he who would be victor must have boundless energy, buoyant spirits and unimpaired vitality. To have such an equipment for the battle he must sleep long and sleep well. The one thing needful for getting on is to throw yourself heartily into whatever you do. When you work, work with both hands earnestly. When you play let your recreation be thorough and enthusiastic. When you sleep, take your eight or nine hours with a good conscience, remembering that nearly all the ailments of our generation of railways and telegrams are due to lack of proper sleep.

But, having said this much in acknowledgment of the necessity of spending a reasonable time in bed, it is but right that we should go on to speak of some of the advantages of early rising. Some one remarked to the Duke of Wellington, on seeing his little camp bed, that it was almost too narrow to turn upon. 'When one turns in bed,' replied the Duke, 'it is time to turn out.' The luxury of lying in bed of a morning is dangerous to young people, because it facilitates the entrance into the mind of impure thoughts and the formation of bad habits. Moreover, it is very stupid on the part of busy men to spoil their eyes by working with artificial light when they could avoid doing so, in summer, at least, by rising and going to bed early. The greatest workers in literature and in business have practiced this rule. Sir Walter Scott, during the most prolific period of his life, wrote his immortal stories at the rate of one a month, and was always free to entertain his visitors during the day, because he had broken the back of his day's task before they got out of bed. One, at least, of his successors, Samuel Rutherford Crockett, the novelist, follows his example with the most beneficial results to his health and to his literary output. But he is not so foolish as to burn the candle at both ends. He goes to bed early, and so he is justified in leaving it early.

Dr. Hillis on Mr. Moody.

Speaking of Mr. Moody at a memorial meeting, Dr. Hillis, said that he was the greatest evangelist since Whitefield, and no man since the Apostle Paul had addressed so many people. For 300 days in each of seven years he had spoken to audiences of 5,000 persons each afternoon and evening.' After a rapid outline of his marvellous personal history, Dr. Hillis mentioned two experiences in which God had prepared Mr. Moody for his special work. In the first he had invited a saloon-keeper

to come to his Sunday-school class. The man said he would if he (Mr. Moody) would come to the opening of his saloon on the following Thursday. Moody consented, saying that he had a Friend, without whom he never went anywhere, and he must bring Him along.

The saloon-keeper agreed, but said that if he was going to bring along somebody to talk, he should reserve the same privilege for himself, and to this Moody agreed. About half-past nine on this night Moody proceeded to the saloon, taking with him one of his poor-boy proteges. The saloon man was ready for him, and had fortified himself with the aid of an atheist, an anarchist, and a man who railed at everything. After the first civilities, these men began to talk, and went on for three-quarters of an hour, and Moody's heart was in his mouth. Then he said, 'I think I should like to pray.' 'Oh, but,' said one man, 'the Book says that two or three must gather together, and you are by yourself!' 'Oh, no, I'm not; here is a friend of mine who will join me.' So saying, he drew forward the boy, and the two knelt down. As they prayed they cried, and as they cried they prayed, and God gave him, as a reward, the saloon-keeper and his family.

The other experience (that gave him the inquiry-room) was that of going to visit personally all the girls in the class of one of his helpers, who was ordered away from Chicago to die of consumption. This man came to him telling him of his hopeless physical condition, and declaring that he could not go away without asking each of the members of his class to give herself definitely to Christ. The two men hired a hack and set out to do this work, visiting the girls wherever they could find them. Out of the whole number not one was unwilling to avail herself of the chance thus given. Moody made up his mind then that an opportunity for immediate decision should be provided at all his meetings. Dr. Hillis closed with a heart-searching appeal to his audience to do such work as lay within their power for the salvation of souls.

Mr. Moody in Kansas City.

When Dwight L. Moody was smitten by heart failure, recently, he was in full tide of a great meeting in Kansas City. There were several meetings a day, attended by from 10,000 to 16,000 people, and Mr. Moody's power over these masses was most remarkable. An instance of this was on a Wednesday night. Holding out both arms, he cried, 'All that are here who want God's help, say aloud, "Lord, help me."' He waited expectant. A feeble few, half ashamed, echoed the words, 'Lord, help me.'

'Again,' commanded the evangelist. The second reply was much more powerful than the first. 'Lord—help—me,' answered several hundreds of voices.

Mr. Moody dropped his arms.

'Do you believe he heard you?'

'Yes,' replied those who had repeated his words.

'He is here to-night,' said Mr. Moody, solemnly. 'He is listening to you. He is with you. Oh, what a sight! All these people crying to the Lord for help! Let us all say, "Lord, remember—me."'

A mighty chorus echoed back: 'Lord, remember—me.'

Sevenfold Scripture Teaching on the Words 'I am.'

1. God claims infinite self-existence by these words, Ex. iii. 14, 'And God said unto Moses, I am that I am: and He said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I am hath sent me unto you.'

2. Christ claims equality with God by these words—John viii. 58: 'Jesus said unto them. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am.'

3. God claims priority and perpetuity of being by these words—Isa. xlviii. 12: 'Hearken unto Me, O Jacob and Israel, My called; I am He: I am the first; I also am the last.'

4. Christ, in this respect also, claims equality with God by these words—Rev i. 17, R.V.: 'And when I saw Him I fell at His feet as one dead. And He laid His right hand upon me, saying, Fear not; I am the first and the last, and the Living One.'

5. God, in connection with these words, expresses His satisfaction with Christ—Mat. xvii. 5: 'Behold, a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye Him.'

6. God, in connection with these words, expresses His abundance of grace for us—Isa. xli. 10: 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.'

7. We, in connection with these words, express our dependence on God's grace—1 Cor. xv., 10: 'But, by the grace of God, I am what I am.'—Robert Stark.

Eve Near.

In one of the old English prisons there was an underground dungeon which was used as a place of punishment for those who fell under disfavor. Among the prisoners, at one time, there was a man of refinement with exceedingly nervous temperament, to whom the horror of this dungeon was a haunting terror. Then one day he offended in some way and was sentenced to four-and-twenty hours in this cell. He was led to the place, the door was opened and he had to go down the stairs into the dark depths. The shutting of the door sent its echoes through the gloomy dungeon. Then all was still—a stillness that was terrible in its oppressiveness. Nervous and full of fear, the poor man sank to the floor. His brain throbbed as with fever, and mocking voices seemed to sound on all sides. He felt that the terror would drive him mad.

Suddenly he heard footsteps overhead, and then a voice gently calling his name. Never was any music so sweet. 'God bless you!' he gasped. 'Are you there?' 'Yes,' answered the prison chaplain, 'and I am not going to leave this place until you come out.' 'God bless you!' cried the prisoner. 'Why, I do not mind it at all, now, with you there.' The terror was all gone. The darkness was powerless to harm him while his friend was so near, close above him, though unseen.

So in all the hours of our darkness, in the blackest night, in the deepest sorrow, in the sorest perplexity, when we think we are alone, while we long for Christ's presence and wonder why he comes not, he is really near us, watching us, caring for us, though unseen by us. There is no darkness where a friend of Christ gropes, that is not swept by the loving divine eye. There is no child of God in the midst of any wild storm, who is not watched over and sheltered by the divine care.—'Forward.'

For the Indian Famine.

We copy these acknowledgments from the 'Daily Witness' of Feb. 17, as many of the subscriptions came through friends of the 'Messenger.'

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujerat—

J. G.	$1.00
Mrs. James Will	1.00
Wm. W. Bird	5.00
Mrs. M. Lemon	1.00
Agnes Smith	2.00
E. Silversides	2.00
A Friend, Woodstock	10.00
A Friend, Brigham	5.00
Arthur P. Pengelly	3.00
Sadie A. Winn	2.00
Sarah Franklin	1.00
Bailliboro Woman's M. Society, Methodist	3.00
Mrs. Steele, Taverville	1.00
A. Dawson	1.00
E. Chegivin	5.00
Union Junior Endeavor Society, Magnetawan, Ont.	3.00
Wm. O. Runnalls	5.00
Isaac Snowdon	2.00
W. W. Smith	1.00
Bertha J. Castle	1.00
Mrs. J. Clark	2.00
M. Templeton	3.70
John H. Franklin	5.00
A Friend	2.00
Braeside Sunday School, per T. E. Harper, Boissevain, Man.	7.00
One Who Wishes to Help	1.00
M. A. Edgehill	1.00
The Macs	1.00
The Port Severn Sunday School	10.00
Some Friends	6.00
Miss I. D. Taylor	.50
Mrs. E. O. Taylor	.50
Total	$99.70

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated—

A Friend	$ 1.00
A Sympathizer	1.00
E. M. S.	2.00
S. F. L.	1.25
H. S. I.	5.00
Chas. H. Lyall	5.00
St. Laurent Band of Hope	7.70
A Friend	100.00
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Catherine Murchie	.40
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A Friend	1.00
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Mrs. Cressman	1.00
Mrs. D. Pollock	1.00
Teacher	3.00
A Friend	2.00
	$183.46

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN EXODUS.

Mar. 4., Sun.—Keep my Sabbaths.

Mar. 5., Mon.—Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor.

Mar. 6., Tues.—Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale bearer.

Mar. 7., Wed.—Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart.

Mar. 8., Thurs.—Thou shalt not avenge nor bear any grudge.

Mar. 9., Fri.—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Mar. 10., Sat.—I am the Lord.

The 'Messenger' Honor Roll of Bible Searchers.

Saidee Graham, Clara Mabel McCrum, Annie C. Harper, Annie J. Lowe, Arabella Gould, Clifton Kirk, Edna Johnson, Robert Erickson, William Erickson, Arvilla Brown, Sarah Ann Anderson, Elroy G. Gould, Ebenezer Tracy.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER IX.

THE LEAGUE'S REVENGE.

As we stood outside of Craig's shack in the dim starlight, we could not hide from ourselves that we were beaten. It was not so much grief as a blind fury that filled my heart, and looking at the faces of the men about me I read the same feeling there. But what could we do? The yells of carousing miners down at Slavin's told us that nothing could be done with them that night. To be so utterly beaten, and unfairly, and with no chance of revenge, was maddening.

'I'd like to get back at 'em,' said Abe, carefully repressing himself.

'I've got it, men,' said Graeme suddenly. 'This town does not require all the whiskey there is in it'; and he unfolded his plan. It was to gain possession of Slavin's saloon and the bar of the Black Rock Hotel, and clear out all the liquor to be found in both these places. I did not much like the idea; and Geordie said, 'I'm ga'en alfter the lad; I'll hae naethin' tae dae wi' yon. It's no' that easy, an' it's a sinfu' waste.'

But Abe was wild to try it, and Shaw was quite willing, while old Nelson sternly approved.

'Nelson, you and Shaw get a couple of our men and attend to the saloon. Slavin and the whole gang are up at the Black Rock, so you won't have much trouble; but come to us as soon as you can.'

And so we went our ways.

Then followed a scene the like of which I can never hope to see again, and it was worth a man's seeing. But there were times that night when I wished I had not agreed to follow Graeme in his plot.

As we went up to the hotel, I asked Graeme, 'What about the law of this?'

'Law!' he replied indignantly. 'They haven't troubled much about law in the whiskey business here. They get a keg of high wines and some drugs and begin operations. No!' he went on; 'if we can get the crowd out, and ourselves in, we'll make them break the law in getting us out. The law won't trouble us over smuggled whiskey. It will be a great lark, and they won't crow too loud over the League.'

I did not like the undertaking at first; but as I thought of the whole wretched illegal business flourishing upon the weakness of the men in the mines and camps, whom I had learned to regard as brothers, and especially as I thought of the cowards that did for Nixon, I let my scruples go, and determined, with Abe, 'to get back at 'em.'

We had no difficulty getting them out. Abe began to yell. Some men rushed out to learn the cause. He seized the foremost man, making a hideous uproar all the while, and in three minutes had every man out of the hotel and a lively row going on.

In two minutes more Graeme and I had the door to the ball-room locked and barricaded with empty casks. We then closed the door of the bar-room leading to the outside. The bar-room was a strongly built log-shack, with a heavy door secured, after the manner of the early cabins, with two strong oak bars, so that we felt safe from attack from that quarter.

The ball-room we could not hold long, for the door was slight and entrance was possible through the windows. But as only a few casks of liquor were left there, our main work would be in the bar, so that the fight would be to hold the passageway. This we barricaded with casks and tables. But by this time the crowd had begun to realize what had happened, and were wildly yelling at door and windows. With an axe which Graeme had brought with him the casks were soon stove in, and left to empty themselves.

As I was about to empty the last cask, Graeme stopped me, saying, 'Let that stand here. It will help us.' And so it did. 'Now skip for the barricade,' yelled Graeme, as a man came crashing through the window. Before he could regain his feet, however, Graeme had seized him and flung him out upon the heads of the crowd outside. But through the other windows men were coming in, and Graeme rushed for the barricade, followed by two of the enemy, the foremost of whom I received at the top and hurled back upon the others.

'Now, be quick!' said Graeme; 'I'll hold this. Don't break any bottles on the floor—throw them out there,' pointing to a little window high up in the wall.

I made all haste. The casks did not take much time, and soon the whiskey and beer were flowing over the floor. It made me think of Geordie's regret over the 'sinfu' waste.' The bottles took longer, and glancing up now and then I saw that Graeme was being hard pressed. Men would leap, two and three at a time, upon the barricade, and Graeme's arms would shoot out, and over they would topple upon the heads of those nearest. It was a great sight to see him standing alone with a smile on his face and the light of battle in his eye, coolly meeting his assailants with those terrific, lightning-like blows. In fifteen minutes my work was done.

'What next?' I asked. 'How do we get out?'

'How is the door?' he replied.

I looked through the port-hole and said, 'A crowd of men waiting.'

'We'll have to make a dash for it, I fancy,' he replied cheerfully, though his face was covered with blood and his breath was coming in short gasps.

'Get down the bars and be ready.' But even as he spoke a chair hurled from below caught him on the arm, and before he could recover, a man had cleared the barricade and was upon him like a tiger. It was Idaho Jack.

'Hold the barricade,' Graeme called out, as they both went down.

I sprang to his place, but I had not much hope of holding it long. I had the heavy oak bar of the door in my hands, and swinging it round my head I made the crowd give back for a few moments.

Meantime Graeme had shaken off his enemy, who was circling about him upon his tip-toes, with a long knife in his hand, waiting for a chance to spring.

'I have been waiting for this for some time, Mr. Graeme,' he said smiling.

'Yes,' replied Graeme, 'ever since I spoiled your cut-throat game in 'Frisco. How is the little one?' he added sarcastically.

Idaho's face lost its smile and became distorted with fury as he replied, spitting out his words, 'She—is—where you will be before I am done with you.'

'Ah! you murdered her too! You'll hang some beautiful day, Idaho,' said Graeme, as Idaho sprang upon him.

Graeme dodged his blow and caught his forearm with his left hand and held up high the murderous knife. Back and forward they swayed over the floor, slippery with whiskey, the knife held high in the air. I wondered why Graeme did not strike, and then I saw his right hand hung limp from the wrist. The men were crowding upon the barricade. I was in despair. Graeme's strength was going fast. With a yell of exultant fury Idaho threw himself with all his weight upon Graeme, who could only cling to him. They swayed together towards me, but as they fell I brought down my bar upon the upraised hand and sent the knife flying across the room. Idaho's howl of rage and pain was mingled with a shout from below, and there, dashing the crowd to right and left, came old Nelson, followed by Abe, Sandy, Baptiste, Shaw, and others. As they reached the barricade it crashed down and, carrying me with it, pinned me fast.

Looking out between the barrels, I saw what froze my heart with horror. In the fall Graeme had wound his arms about his enemy and held him in a grip so deadly that he could not strike; but Graeme's strength was failing, and when I looked I saw that Idaho was slowly dragging both across the slippery floor to where the knife lay. Nearer and nearer his outstretched fingers came to the knife. In vain I yelled and struggled. My voice was lost in the awful din, and the barricade held me fast. Above me, standing on a barrel-head, was Baptiste, yelling like a demon. In vain I called to him. My fingers could just reach his foot, and he heeded not at all my touch. Slowly Idaho was dragging his almost unconscious victim toward the knife. His fingers were touching the blade point, when, under a sudden inspiration, I pulled out my penknife, opened it with my teeth, and drove the blade into Baptiste's foot. With a blood-curdling yell he sprang down and began dancing round in his rage, peering among the barrels.

'Look! look!' I was calling in agony, and pointing; 'for heaven's sake, look! Baptiste!'

The fingers had closed upon the knife, the knife was already high in the air, when, with a shriek, Baptiste cleared the room at a bound, and, before the knife could fall, the little Frenchman's boot had caught the uplifted wrist, and sent the knife flying to the wall.

Then there was a great rushing sound as of wind through the forest, and the lights went out. When I awoke, I found myself lying with my head on Graeme's knees, and Baptiste sprinkling snow on my face. As I looked up Graeme leaned over me, and, smiling down into my eyes, he said—

'Good boy! It was a great fight, and we put it up well'; and then he whispered, 'I owe you my life, my boy.'

His words thrilled my heart through and through, for I loved him as only men can love men; but I only answered—

'I could not keep them back.'

'It was well done,' he said; and I felt proud.

I confess I was thankful to be so well out of it, for Graeme got off with a bone in his wrist broken, and I with a couple of ribs cracked; but had it not been for the open barrel of whiskey which kept them occupied for a time, offering too good a chance to be lost, and for the timely arrival of Nelson, neither of us had ever seen the light again.

(To be continued.)

The Yellow Yardsticks.

(By Emma Huntington Nason, in 'Well-spring.')

'Tom Hutchinson! you're a boy, and you don't know anything about it!"

Madge Ingraham sprang up impatiently from the piazza steps, where she and her pretty sister, Mabel, had been sitting at their mother's feet, while their Cousin Tom, a lad of sixteen, swayed to and fro in the hammock.

The young people had been relating with sympathetic interest the story of little Harry Hanscom, who, some days before, had fallen from the tall horse-chestnut tree in the yard of the old Plainfield Academy.

'You know, at first, mother,' said Madge, 'no one considered Harry seriously injured; but now a spinal trouble has developed, and the doctor says Harry must go to some city hospital for treatment. He thinks he can secure a free bed if Harry's mother can manage to pay the other expenses. But they are awfully poor—even poorer than we are,' added the young girl with a touch of bitterness in her tone. 'Oh, I do wish we could once know the luxury of giving away a dollar without counting every penny and wondering what we can do without in order to save that munificent sum!'

An expression of pain flitted across the mother's face.

'The greatest deprivation, my dear,' she said, 'which I myself have suffered in our straitened circumstances since your father's death has been in not having the means of helping others; and I feel this even more for you than for myself.'

'Forgive me, mother,' exclaimed Madge. 'I'm only selfish when I mean to be charitable. But what can we do for Harry Hanscom? The school ought to contribute fifty-dollars, Professor Hart says; and we could easily raise this amount, he told us, if each one of us would earn a dollar by working Saturdays. Boys can,' added Madge, in tones of despair; 'but girls—there's nothing girls can do.'

'You mean there's nothing they like to do,' said Tom; 'nothing that's nice and easy.'

'Now, Tom,' cried Mabel, 'you know better! Just give me a chance to earn a dollar for poor little Harry Hanscom, and you'll see.'

'All right,' said Tom, promptly. 'I'll give you a job—nice, clean work, highly respectable, and good pay.'

'Oh, will you—will you?' cried Madge eagerly. 'What is it? Do tell us! But, of course, you're only joking.'

'No, honor bright! It is something I was going to do myself to earn the money for Harry; but, as you say, I suppose the chances are small for girls; and if you really mean it—if you and Mabel are willing to work—I'll give you this opening, and try to find something else for myself.'

'A thousand thanks!' replied Madge.

'A hundred thousand!' echoed Mabel, as eagerly. 'Disclose this rare opportunity, and see how rapturously we will embrace it! I'm sure you will let us, mother?' and she lifted he bright eyes to Mrs. Ingraham's face.

'I think we will hear Tom's proposition first,' was the gentle reply.

'Very well, then,' said Tom, rising and striking a dramatic attitude. 'I will proceed to unfold. You see, auntie, that father has just invested in a new advertising scheme. Having tried circulars and posters, he is now going to sell groceries by the yard.'

'What do you mean?' asked Mabel.

'Just this, madam. Father has purchased a lot of yellow yardsticks—gorgeous in color—with "G. B. Hutchinson, Groceries and Provisions," painted in black letters along the whole length, under the marks for inches. On the other side are tables of weights and measures; how many quarts in a bushel; how many pounds in a ton of hay, and all that sort of thing, you know; and father is going to have these yardsticks distributed through the country; left like handbills at every house; whereupon the grateful inhabitants will sacredly preserve them, study them in their leisure hours, and then all flock to Hutchison's to buy their groceries, don't you see?'

'Of course!' said Madge; 'and you were going to drive around the country, and distribute these yardsticks.'

'Exactly so. But now I lay this golden opportunity at your feet.'

'Oh, Tom, you don't mean that Mabel and I could be paid for doing it!'

'Father said I might have the horse and the light express waggon to-morrow, and he would give me two dollars for the day's work for this especial purpose.'

'May we go, then, mother?' asked Mabel, eagerly. 'This is surely something that we could do.'

'But the horse, my dear? Neither you nor Mabel can drive; and I do not know whether such an expedition would be quite the proper thing for you.'

'Ay! There's the rub!' soliloquized Tom.

'Yes,' said Madge, dejectedly, 'that's just what I told you in the beginning. There's nothing girls can do to earn money—nothing that is quite the proper thing.'

'Would you really like to do this work, my daughter?'

'I'm sure I should.'

'Three cheers for the yellow yardsticks, then!" shouted Tom, already half-way across the lawn which separated the homes of the cousins. 'I'll bring you one in a minute!'

'Here auntie,' he continued as he speedily returned; 'you see how eminently respectable this yardstick is—perfectly straight and correct in every particular! And I'll go with the girls and drive the horse for a very small consideration; but they will be obliged to do all the business, and leave a yardstick at every house from here to Bryant's Corner, and then home by Hunter's Mills. The houses are pretty close together, and it will take all day. We must start at seven o'clock sharp, and carry a lunch for dinner.'

'May we go? Say that we may, mother?' pleaded both girls.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Ingraham,, 'if you wish to do this for charity's sake, I will not refuse.'

So the next morning, Madge and Mabel, looking very business-like indeed, and prepared for action, were ready at the door at seven o'clock. Tom was equally prompt, and drove around the corner with a grand flourish, in the red express wagon, with its gaily-lettered umbrella spread above the seat.

'Oh, horrors' exclaimed Mabel. 'I rethink he might have taken the box-buggy! There would have been room enough for the yardsticks, and we shouldn't have made ourselves quite so conspicuous.'

'But if we are going to advertise,' replied Madge, 'we wish to be conspicuous. That's part of the business.'

She mounted unflinchingly to her seat, followed by Mabel and Tom, and off they started.

'Father said we needn't begin to distribute the yardsticks until we were well out of town,' remarked Tom; 'and then we must leave one at every house. Now, Madge, you and Mabel must take turns regularly, with no changing or skipping.'

To these conditions both girls merrily agreed. It was a bright, cool morning, and as Tom drove briskly out of town, and up the rising country road, the faces of the youthful party glowed with healthful animation. Mabel took one of the yardsticks from the package at her feet, and eagerly scanned the house where she was to make the first call. At the sound of wheels half a dozen children ran out into the door-yard.

'Here, little boy, would you like a yardstick?' asked Mabel, graciously.

'A what?' cried the boy.

'A yardstick—a very nice, useful one. Take it right in to your mother.'

'Oh, give me one, give me one!' clamored the rest of the children as soon as they comprehended the situation.

'Do you all live in the same house?' asked Mabel.

'We all live here but me; I don't!' cried one bright-eyed little fellow. 'I live over to Bluehill. I'm visitin'!'

'Well, then, here's one for you,' said Mabel; and the child's face beamed with delight.

'Isn't it jolly!' exclaimed Mabel, as they whirled away. 'I feel just like a fairy godmother with a golden wand.'

'You'll feel differently, my dear, before the day is over,' predicted Tom.

As they approached the next house, a tall, angular woman stood in the doorway wiping a large, round tin milk-pan, while she scolded a freckled-faced boy who hung dejectedly over the gate.

Madge dismounted.

'Here, little boy, wouldn't you like a yardstick?' she said, repeating Mabel's formula in her most winning tones.

'Hey?' said the boy, with a half- frightened look on his face.

'A yardstick, and a very useful one, too! It tells how many feet in a yard and—'

'No, we don't!' screamed the woman at this moment. 'We don't want none o' your pedler's stuff, and you needn't put your feet in our yard at all!'

Tom laughed, and Madge's cheeks turned scarlet, but she did not quail.

'I beg your pardon,' she said with dignity. 'We are not pedlers at all. We are distributing yardsticks gratuitously. I should be pleased to present you with one.'

The woman looked a little embarrassed, and finally said, 'Oh! giving 'em away, be you? Well, you can leave one!'

With ill-concealed eagerness she seized the proffered gift. Madge waited a moment, and the woman, finally constrained to make some response, muttered ungraciously:

'Guess it'll not come amiss.'

'I hoped she would be obliged to say, "Thank you," but she didn't,' explained Madge, as she mounted to her seat and the merry trio drove on.

Thus the morning sped, with varied adventures, and at noon, the party halted in a pleasant grove, by a picturesque little lake and ate their picnic dinner. As the hot afternoon came on, however, the miles of dusty country road grew wearisome, and the enthusiasm of the girls began to wane; but they faithfully performed their duty, and were congratulating themselves upon the comparative ease with which they had accomplished their day's labor, when a sudden turn in the road brought to the view a pretentious new-fashioned villa of that composite style of architecture which Tom characterized as 'Queen Anne front and Mary Ann back.' In front of the house, on the smoothly-cut lawn, a party of young people were playing tennis.

'Oh!' exclaimed Mabel, 'I entirely forgot that the Stuarts' new house was on this road! Stop, Tom; don't drive up here! They have company, too. There's that stylish Miss Saunders, whom we met in town yesterday, and Dan Stuart, who has just come home, with another student, from Harvard! What shall we do?'

'Do? Drive on—right up to the front door!' said Tom, sternly.

'But they are new people here,' cried Mabel. 'We've only known them a little while, and what will they think when they see us here in this grocery-wagon?'

'We can explain that it is for charity, I suppose,' said Madge, 'and charity covereth all things.'

'No ma'am! none of your fine lady-patroness airs!' exclaimed Tom. 'That would spoil the whole thing. Business is business! I knew you girls would be ashamed to be caught doing a little honest boy's work!'

'We're not ashamed!" cried Madge, with flashing eyes, 'and I'll prove it. It is my turn to distribute! Give me six of those yardsticks—the very yellowest!'

'But I am not going one inch,' declared Mabel. 'I'll get out and walk home first!'

'Twelve inches one foot, sixteen and a half feet one rod, forty rods one furlong,' muttered Tom in an undertone. 'Eight furlongs one mile, according to this yardstick; and three and a half miles home! Quite a long walk for you, Mabel!' And all this while they were rapidly approaching the house.

'Mabel,' said Madge, heroically, 'we've just got to!" and she tucked up the curly, flying locks of hair which the breeze had blown about her face, and settled her sailor hat squarely on her head.

'Oh, dear,' sighed Mabel, 'big, ugly dogs and termagant women are nothing to this.'

'And how about the fairy godmother?' asked Tom mercilessly, as he drove up the broad avenue at full speed, and lifted his hat with profound gravity, as the grocery waggon rounded the curve in front of the house, when the tennis players paused in their game with looks of surprise upon their faces.

For a moment Christine Stuart did not recognize her young friends from town. Then she rose to the occasion, and ran forward, saying cordially:

'Why, Madge and Mabel, I really didn't know you. But we are so delighted to see you, and your brother, too! We were just wishing we could make up another set at tennis. You have met Miss Sanders. Let me introduce my brother and his friend, Mr. Prince.'

The young man bowed gravely, while Miss Sanders made no effort to conceal the supercilious smile which came to her lips at the sight of the plebeian motto, 'Groceries and Provisions,' upon their visitors' conveyance.

Madge courteously declined the cordial invitation, and proceeded to explain their business.

'We really cannot stop, you see,' she said 'for we are hired by the day to distribute these yardsticks. We have agreed to leave them at every house. Will you permit me to present you with one of these elegant and useful articles? We represent, I assure you, the largest and most reliable grocery store in Plainfield. Our tea and coffee are of the finest grade; our canned goods are unsurpassed; and our fruit and vegetables are always the freshest in the market.'

'Madge Ingraham, you fill me with awe and admiration!' exclaimed the pretty Christine. 'But will you tell me what this delicious masquerade is for?'

'Masquerade!' repeated Madge, in tragic tones. 'If ever there was real life, this is it—and you would think so if you had been at it, as we have, ever since seven o'clock this morning.'

'You might order those lemons, Christine, which we were wishing for to-day,' said Miss Sanders, languidly seating herself in a garden-chair.

'Oh, thank you!' replied Madge, gayly. 'We should be charmed to take an order.'

'We are greatly obliged to you, Miss Ingraham,' said Dan Stuart, who had thus far listened with immovable countenance to the conversation, 'but my friend, Mr. Prince, and I are going into town to-night and we can execute all commissions. If you will kindly give each of us one of those delectable yardsticks, however, we shall be forever your grateful debtors.'

'Are you sure that you do not both reside here? We have been charged to use great discrimination and economy in the distribution of these valuable souvenirs.'

'Oh, I assure you,' replied Philip Prince, with great eagerness, 'that we both live far away, within the walls of a gloomy brick dwelling whose darkness would be gloriously illuminated by those two yellow sticks.'

Here Miss Sanders, who was secretly embroidering a silk banner with the Greek-letter initials of a well-known college fraternity, which she intended to present to Dan and Philip, arose from her chair and smiled more superciliously than ever.

'Don't forget to say where you saw this advertisement!' called Tom, as the party, having made a final farewell, rattled down the avenue.

'I declare, I felt as though I should like to sink into the earth,' said Mabel, 'when I saw Miss Sanders with her immaculate gown and white shoes, and such an expression.'

'I didn't,' said Madge. 'That was what braced me for the fray.'

Tom patted Madge upon the shoulder.

'You did your duty like a man and brother,' said he, 'and I'm not sorry I gave you the job.'

One evening, not long after this eventful Saturday, Dan Stuart and Philip Prince drove into town and called upon Madge and Mabel, and upon Tom also, bearing to them from Christine, an informal invitation to lawn tennis and afternoon tea the following Wednesday, and it was on this occasion that Tom took it upon himself to explain—what the girls had carefully refrained from doing for themselves—the whole story of Harry Hanscom's misfortune and the true object of the yardstick expedition.

Dan retold the story with much enthusiasm to his mother and sister, and the result was that Mrs. Stuart, while serving tea to her young guests upon the lawn, begged the privilege of contributing, in the name of her son and daughter, an amount which, with the sum already raised by Harry's fellow students, would place the unfortunate lad comfortably in the hospital, where his recovery was soon assured.

At the beginning of the following college year, when Dan Stuart and Philip Prince reopened their luxuriously appointed rooms at Harvard, two yellow wooden yardsticks, crossed swordwise, might have been seen fastened above the mantelpiece, amidst canes, rapiers, fencing foils, and other similar paraphernalia; and whenever any lordly upper-class-men demands the meaning of this simple, yet curious device, he is surprised, if not completely overawed, by being quietly told that 'it is an emblem of charity which was measured and not found wanting.'

Child Marriage.

(By Mrs. Ellison, of Rungpore, North Bengal.)

Although so many have heard of child marriage, it requires one to come into personal contact with its effects in the home life of the people of India to really understand what it means.

It is the 'cruel yoke of custom' which made the father and mother of this little wife of eight years belie their hearts' affections, and send her away from home to live with an unkind mother-in-law, who made her the drudge of the house. I have watched her myself draw all the water from the well, then go out into the nearest field with a basket to gather up anything that might be of use in the way of firewood, then she had to cook the meals, and if any mistake was made she was beaten—and what girl of eight can be expected to understand the art of cooking, even a Bengali

CHILD WIFE EIGHT YEARS OLD.

meal? Poor child! No play. No romping and skipping for her, and no bright happy childhood. This is a most cruel custom, and one which the English Government cannot remedy, because in the manifesto which they publish in 1858 they promised not to interfere with their religion in any way.

This is the greatest of woman's wrongs, and is an ancient custom, being at least five hundred years older than the Christian era.

The most outrageous instance of child marriage I ever saw was at a Rajboushie village, in Rungpore, where a baby girl of ten months was married to a boy of four.

'Oh, cruel custom that makes parents lavish their best love upon their boys, and send the helpless girl away just when she needs her mother most. Oh, cruel religion, that exalts the one and degrades the other.' Our hearts are sad to see it, and we cry, 'How long, Lord, how long?' Still, we may rejoice as we remember that the day is fast approaching when the King of a kingdom, not of this world, shall send forth the proclamation through the length and breadth of the land: 'I have broken the bands of your yoke.'—'Baptist Missionary Magazine.'

Jack's Potatoes.

(By Sydney Dayre, in 'Forward.')

'Time to put your own shoulder to the wheel, Jack Wright, and the sooner you realize that the better. No more lazying for you, sir.'

No one who had known Jack would accuse him of 'lazying.' From his earliest picking-up-chip days, begun when he was in petticoats, all through the years in which he had arrived at the dignities of wood-chopper, milk-carrier, gardener, and general utility man to his widowed mother, Jack had made good use of his time.

'But I've got to do something more than just chores this vacation,' he decided, as he further communed with himself. 'And what puzzles me is, what is it to be? I wish I could find a little profitable work to do this summer.'

'Hello, Jack!' called a voice.

'Yes, sir,' said Jack, alertly, recognizing the voice as belonging to their friendly next-door neighbor.

'Can you wheel this bushel of potaters over to Watson's on your cart?'

'Course I can.'

'Well, if you will, I'll pay you with half a peck to plant in your own garden patch. There isn't much money goin' just now to pay for anything, but potaters is as good as gold. Been a dollar a bushel all winter. Touched a dollar ten one time. And now good seed potaters can't be looked at less'n a dollar forty.'

'Oh! I'd like to raise potatoes,' said Jack, half to himself. 'Yes, Mr. Grayson, I'll bring the cart right 'round.'

But where could Jack raise potatoes? Before delivering the bushel, he had decided that it would not do to devote the whole of his small garden to them.

'No,' was his finality in the matter. 'I'll have to think of something besides potatoes.'

He was still thinking, when toward evening he again heard the pleasant voice of Mr. Grayson.

'I say, Jack, I have more ground than I can attend to now—my boys is gone, and I just come to say that if you'd like to plant your potaters in the lot to the south of my barn, you're as welcome as the day.'

Jack poured out his thanks.

'No need to say a word. What's neighbors good for, I'd like to know, if they don't stand ready to give a lift to a widow—specially when she's got a boy that's ready to strike out and help her? And as for seed potaters bein' high, I was thinkin' I could let you have some, and you pay 'em back out o' your crop. Now, that's enough. Hain't your mother been lettin' me store my potaters all winter in that nice, big cellar of hers? That's been even to givin' me the potaters, for they'd a-froze in mine, sure. And, Jack, that horse o' mine's gettin' fat and lazy doin' nothin' half the time, so you'd best take him, and do your plowin' airly.'

As Jack beamed his appreciation of the kindness, Mr. Grayson fell into a calculating mood.

'You ought to get, say, forty bushel off that lot if it's a good year. Lies high and dry—best kind o' potater ground. And a dollar a bushel'd be a nice handful.'

'Forty dollars!' exclaimed Jack, with a little gasp.

'Might be a little less, might be a little more. But folks as planted potaters last year made a good thing out of it, and them as didn't was sorry for it. Well, get your stuff in airly, Jack.'

'Forty dollars!' Jack went to his mother in an overflow of enthusiastic anticipation. 'Think how forty dollars would lift us through next winter, mother.'

'Yes, it would be a help,' agreed his mother. 'With the garden and the cow and your picking apples and husking corn on shares, Jack, we've always had enough to eat, but ready money has been scarce, and now you children are growing bigger it seems to be wanted more and more.

'I'll have to work hard,' Jack got down to thoughtful consideration of his undertaking. 'And I can't wait till vacation to begin.'

Hard work Jack found it. Early and late he made the best of his time; and sometimes, under the pressure of other work, which had seemed quite enough for his out-of-school hours, he almost regretted that he had undertaken so much. But as, at length, he viewed the planted rows in his neatly cultivated field, and later saw the green shoots peeping out of the ground, he forgot blistered hands and aching muscles in his rejoicing over his growing crop.

Few crops, surely, ever grew as did that one. Whether it was the early season, the absence of frosts or the favorable exposure of the land, no one could tell. Neighbor Grayson had a new theory in explanation of the reason of the marvellous growth every time he gazed with gratification on the lot south of the barn.

'If I believed in fairies, Jack,' I should say they worked for you nights,' he one day said. 'But I guess, after all, there ain't no better fairies'n the two hands of a boy that's puttin' in his best work to help his mother along.

The vines blossomed and matured, and in due time withered, while under ground Mother Nature was still rounding out and perfecting the valuable tubers. A few early diggings, specimens of which were carried to Mr. Grayson, confirmed the high expectations built on Jack's crop.

'I'm willin' to say fifty bushels, and stick by it,' the old man said, with a nod of his head.

'I wonder when I'd better sell,' was Jack's next serious concern. And about this time he received what seemed a hard blow.

He went over to the nearest village to talk with a grocer on the disposal of his crop.

'If you'd brought me news of such a crop last year,' said the man of business, 'I'd have snapped you up quick enough. But there's only a poor sale for potatoes this year. I'll take half your lot, though, at thirty cents a bushel.'

'Thirty cents!' Could Jack believe his ears? 'Why, they were a dollar a bushel last year,' he began, in a voice which fairly trembled as his heart sank in an abyss of dismay.

'That was last year. The country's full of potatoes now.'

'Yes, it's so,' said neighbor Grayson, shaking his head dolefully as Jack carried his sorrowful tale to him. 'I've been mistrusting it from things I've heerd lately. Potaters was high last year, and so this year everybody's planted potaters. Everybody that's had a leetle patch o' ground's planted 'em so's they wouldn't have to buy, and everybody that's had a big lot o' ground's planted 'em so's to have 'em to sell.'

'I'm not going to sell for thirty cents,' said poor Jack, with a rueful glance at the long rows, and a rueful remembrance of how he had worked over them.

'No, I wouldn't either,' said his neighbor, with an emphatic shake of his head.

But he came to Jack a few days later with a still more doleful face.

'I don't know but I'd a-better counseled you to take thirty cents when you could a-got it,' he said. 'Silas Brown over in the next township—he's got two hundred bushels—he drove a load to Greenville the other day and they only offered him fifteen cents. He was so ragin' mad he went and thrown 'em, every sack, into the river—he's put up just that way, Silas is—fiery. And they took him up and fined him for it. They do say,' the old man went on, as if in a hurry to get the dismal worst off his mind, 'that down to the city there's carloads and carloads standin' and they can't get more'n ten cents for 'em.'

'I'll not dig 'em!' said Jack fairly dizzy with his cruel disappointment as he went to his mother.

'Oh yes, you will, my boy. It would be sinful unthankfulness to the Lord that's sent you such a crop to let his good things spoil. You'd rather give 'em away than let 'em waste. It's a comfort we've got plenty of cellar room. And maybe there'll be them that'll be glad to get 'em next spring.'

With a heart heavy with discouragement Jack worked to secure his splendid but almost valueless crop. Then with brave resolution he set aside all thought of school and took a job of wood-chopping which would bring to his mother and the younger ones the needed winter comforts.

'I thought you'd be home early, Jack.'

'Yes,' said Jack, in response to his mother's greeting, as he came from his work about the middle of an afternoon in late December, 'it's snowing so hard we had to quit work. I'm sorry, for if we're laid off much I shan't get my chance at school later in the winter.'

Small chance of it, indeed, Jack thought, as he looked out the next morning.

'Whe-e-ew! Two feet on the level, sure's you live—not to speak of drifts. And the railway cut's full.'

'Look out this way,' cried a younger brother, calling him in excitement to a window at the other end of the house.

'A blockaded train—stuck fast! The engine is most hid in the snow. Looks as if she'd made a brave fight against the drifts and then driven right into one after all.'

The train was about a quarter of a mile from the house. Snow lay so thick that except to dig a passage to the well, and to the stable to feed the cow, Jack remained with the others indoors. Many times in the day did they glance with curious eyes at the storm-bound train, wondering what might be going on inside the cars.

'I see some men,' cried Jack, late in the afternoon. 'Look, they're coming toward the house.'

Working their way laboriously through the heavy drift were two men covered with snow.

'Look like polar bears, for all the world,' said Jack, as he took his shovel and dug toward the strangers when they came near the house.

'Hello!' one of them cried, 'have you anything to eat?'

'Why, of course we have," said Jack, with a quick instinct of hospitality. 'Come in, and I'll see what mother can do for you.'

'Oh, we don't mean for ourselves. It's the people on the train. There's over two hundred of them—and all as hungry as hunters.'

'Two hundred!' gasped Jack.

'Yes. And there's no telling how soon we're going to get out of this. Now, we don't suppose you've got a hotel table ready for them to sit down to, but have you any

supplies on hand—anything that can be eaten.'

Jack's mind flew over the possibilities of the food supply. Was there anything of which, in their modest housekeeping, they had any quantity?

'Potatoes!' he suggested breathlessly.

'That'll do. Can your mother cook us a good lot and pretty quick?'

Followed by the men, Jack rushed into the house, and laid before his mother the astonishing state of things.

She held up her hands in dismay.

'Poor souls! But what can we do for two hundred?'

'Let's hurry at it,' said Jack, who had by this time gathered his senses. 'Bill, split wood fine and make up the biggest fire you ever made in your life. Girls, run down for potatoes and wash 'em. Now, mother, let's get all the kettles on.'

Mother thought of the wash-boiler, and before long the stove was covered with a goodly show of bubbling, steaming kettles.

Then Jack struggled through the drifts to a shed in which were two or three large kettles used in making maple sugar. He gave the men a hint of what might be done, and they lent willing aid. A place was cleared of snow, a kettle swung between two large stick, and soon, with a blazing fire underneath, potatoes were cooking with a good will which seemed to scorn the wintry surroundings.

'These are done,' called mother from the house, just as the outside kettles settled to work. 'It's something to be thankful for that potatoes don't take long to cook.'

'Get more on, please,' said the men. 'They'll be nearly done by the time we get these distributed. Your salt bag, if you please, ma'am, I'll venture to say they'll all be thankful for a taste of potatoes and salt.'

Jack went to help carry the potatoes. On setting foot in the car, the food-carriers were greeted by a bedlam of sounds from men, women and children, all alike tired and hungry. The potatoes were received with clamors of delight, and as they were passed first to the women and children, Jack and a larger force of men hurried back for the second boiling.

For hours the small house and its surroundings were a scene of stir and bustle.

'I never knew before how many potatoes folks could eat,' said Jack, as, when the winter twilight was closing in, he was still carrying his steaming kettlefuls to the cars.

"The whole place is tramped down as if an army had been by," said Bill.

'I guess this'll be about the last for to-night,' said Jack.

'I wonder if they'll have to be fed in the morning.'

'There's plenty of potatoes yet. But hark!'

Even as he spoke a long whistle sounded through the cold air, now clear and brightening with star-light.

'The snow ploughs have got here. Hear 'em hollering down at the train.'

'I guess they're glad,' said Bill, laughing at the sound of the shrieks and shouts which rose in answer to the whistle.

Jack and his brother hastened down. The conductor, the man who had first applied to Jack for help, was busy and bothered answering a score or a hundred inquiries and appeals in a breath, while handing around a hat. He nodded pleasantly to Jack.

'We're all right now,' he said. 'I'll get this load to the city by late bed-time. They won't be starving, either, as they would have been if we hadn't struck you. Here, my compliments and thanks to your mother. You'd better get off, for we're starting. Good-bye.'

As he spoke he had been emptying into Jack's coat pocket, held open by two or three laughing travellers, the money he had been collecting.

'But—why?' said Jack, in bewildered surprise. 'I didn't expect—I never thought—we were glad to do it—'

'So are we glad to do it. It's only a quarter a head—'

'Too much—' persisted Jack.

'Off with you. We're moving.'

'It was only potatoes, and they are not worth it—"

'Worth it and more to us. Good-bye.'

And friendly hands hustled him to the door where, amid hearty cheers and farewells, he was picked up and dropped lightly into a drift, as with another long whistle the train pulled away.

At the Jaganath Festival.

We saw a man lying on a plank with upright nails stuck on it. He lay on the sharp points with scarcely any clothes on. He had bought a gospel and lay there reading it.' It was a strange sight to see this man with the gospel in his hand reading it whilst he was going through a penance like that.' (See letters from Miss Macintosh and Miss Williamson in the 'Zenana Missionary Herald,' for December.)

Far off, in the great land of India,
Where idols of wood and of stone
Are worshipped by hundreds of thousands,
And Christ and His love are scarce known;

Myriads of people have gathered
From villages near and afar,
To join in the year's celebration,
And see the great Jaganath car!

Sin-burdoned and footsore and weary,
Prostrate near the temple they lie;
While some who have dropped by the wayside
Uncared for, untended, may die.

Scarce clothed, on a plank, lies a Hindu,
His bed made of sharp, piercing nails;
Self-tortured, this poor blind ascetic,
Lies there till his quivering flesh fails!

But Jaganath offers no pardon
To those who are burdened with sin;
Though penance and pain they may suffer,
No heaven his devotees win.

Yet while we are gazing in pity,
There floats on the sin-laden air
A breath as from some purer region,
The voice of a Christian in prayer!

And then a sweet song, all of mercy,
Of pardon—free pardon to men,
Till, dimly, it dawns on the heathen,
The message of love is for them!

The spike-pierced man in his torture,
Which never can bring him release,
On the bed of idolatrous suffering,
Lies reading the Gospel of Peace!

Amid the wild shouts of the heathen
To gods who but teach them to sin,
Is heard the sweet story of Jesus,
Who came these dark souls to redeem.

May Hindu ascetic, with Christians,
Soon join in the one blessed strain
Of—'Joy, joy, joy, Probhu Jesu!'*
The gods of the heathen are vain!

Till up from the great land of India
This one note of triumph ascend —
'The gods of the heathen have perished,
But Jesus shall reign without end.'
—Emily Spurgeon.

*'Victory, victory, victory, Lord Jesus.'

Bad Books and Good Books.

(By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury.)

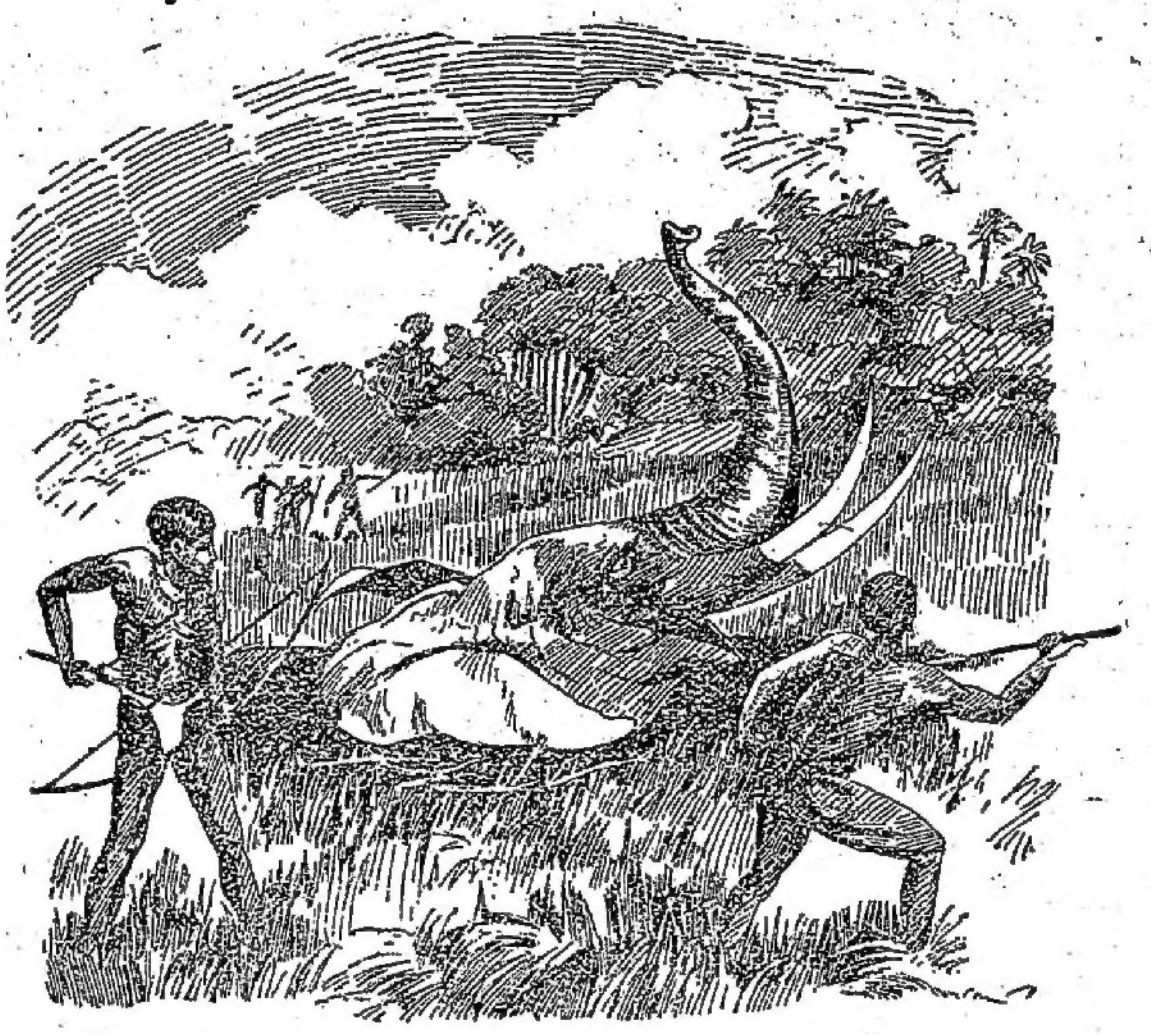
There is one piece of advice which I would give with intense earnestness to all; it is: Never be tempted by curiosity to read what you know to be a bad book, or what a very little reading shows you to be a bad book. Bad books—by which I do not mean merely ignorant and misleading books, but those which are prurient and corrupt—are the most fatal emissaries of the Devil. They pollute with plague the moral atmosphere of the world. Many and many a time a good book, read by a boy, has been the direct source of all his future success; has inspired him to attain and to deserve eminence; has sent him on the paths of discovery; has been as a sheet anchor to all that was noblest in his character; has contributed the predominant element to the usefulness and happiness of his whole life. Benjamin Franklin testified that a little tattered volume of 'Essays to Do Good,' by Cotton Mather, read when he was a boy, influenced the whole course of his conduct, and that if he had been a useful citizen 'the public owes all the advantages of it to that little book.' Jeremy Betham said that the single phrase 'the greatest good of the greatest number' caught at a glance in a pamphlet, directed the current of his thoughts and studies for life. The entire career of Charles Darwin was influenced by a book of travels which he read in early years. On the other hand, it is fatally possible for any one—especially for any youth—to read himself to death in a bad book in five minutes. The well-known minister, John Angell James, narrated that, when he was at school, a boy lent him an impure book. He only read it for a few minutes, but even during those few minutes the poison flowed fatally into his soul, and became to him a source of bitterness and anguish for all his after years. The thoughts, images and pictures thus glanced at haunted him all through life like foul spectres. Let no one indulge his evil curiosity under the notion that he is safe. 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.'

'O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?'

Were we not warned two thousand years ago that 'he who touched pitch shall be defiled'? and three millenniums ago the question was asked, 'Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? or can one walk upon hot coals, and his feet not be scorched?'—N. Y. 'Independent.'

A Curious Wasp's Nest.

In the museum at South Kensington is the most curious wasp's nest you ever heard of. Some wasps were house-hunting one day, and they found an old curtain tassel fallen on the ground. 'Just the very thing for us,' said Mrs. Wasp, and she popped in at one end and came out at the other, highly pleased with herself. Then she flew away and fetched a whole colony of workers. The end of it all was, that, working day after day, first making cells for their eggs and food, then, all being snug and tight, hurrying off to get provisions to fill up the store-rooms, they so changed that old tassel, you would never have known it again.—'Children's Friend.'



ELEPHANT HUNTING.

This is the favorite way of catching elephants in Africa. They are caught and killed mainly for their great tusks, out of which ivory articles are made, and which are therefore very valuable.

A big, deep pit is dug in the ground where the beasts frequent. It is then covered over with sticks and branches of trees, and over this rough floor a thick layer of grass and leaves is laid, so as to make the place look just like the rest of the ground. The unsuspecting animal walks on to this innocent-looking covering, when, suddenly, it plumps into the great pit below and is a prisoner, and at the mercy of his heartless enemies. —'Daybreak.'

Lost--A Watch!

(A True Narrative, in 'Light in the Home.')

After an illness which left me very weak, I had been ordered to the seaside, and was sitting one morning in my lodging quietly enjoying the soft breeze which came through the open window.

There are times in our lives when the love and goodness of God are more realized than at others, and this morning as I looked out over the open sea, and heard the soft swish of the waves on the shore, my heart was full of thanksgiving and praise.

At the same time a feeling of intense pity for those who, like myself, had been ill, but were still confined to the courts and lanes of the great city, made me resolve to do what I could to help some at least of my fellow-sufferers.

I was quietly thinking how I could lessen the contrast in our lives, when I heard hurried footsteps on the stairs. The door was flung open, and my daughter entered looking wildly excited, and flinging herself into a chair, she exclaimed, 'Oh, mother, mother!'

She was alone—and one had gone out with her, the darling of our house, my youngest boy.

Suddenly I found I could not speak—my heart seemed to stand still, and vainly, as I looked at her, I tried to utter the words—

'Where is your brother?'

Just then all things were growing indistinct around me, I heard a little pattering footstep on the stairs which seemed to call me back to life, and my boy entered. Still I could not move, till, throwing his arms round me, he exclaimed—

'What's the matter with mother?'

I need not describe him, except to say he was beautiful and full of health; but, as I held him close, I turned to my sobbing daughter, and said quietly—

'Now, Lena, what is the matter?'

'Oh, mother, I have lost your watch and chain, and seals, and everything, and you told me not to take it!'

It seemed such a light thing while I held my darling, and yet the watch was a very costly one, the gift of my father before my marriage, so I answered—

'You are severly punished, Lena. You have punished yourself for your act of disobedience, so I will say no more. You had better go at once to the nearest stationer's, describe the watch and tell him to offer a reward of £5 for it.' Then, as I thought of its value with its appendages, I added, 'No, you had better say £10.'

How little do we know of the life history of those who, it may be, approach us in our daily lives, and perhaps minister to our wants! What numbers throng our streets! As the poet Bryant says—

'Each where his task or pleasure call,
They pass, and heed each other not
But there is One who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.'

How little did I know, for instance, that the bright, obliging little fellow who brought our fish from the fish-monger's had a sick and widowed mother who, the very day of my loss, was to leave the home that had been hers from her marriage! It was very dear to her, and vainly had she striven to keep it.

'We must go, Charlie,' she had said, after their scanty breakfast that morning. 'I am not strong enough to go out charing, and the needlework pays so badly. We owe two months' rent and our landlord has been so good! It isn't fair to him! I have seen two rooms in this street, and we must go.'

'Very well, mother,' replied Charlie; 'but'—and he hesitated—'didn't father say, and didn't you say, that God would help us if we asked Him? And I am sure we have.

'And so He has,' answered the widow. 'We have been hungry, but have never wanted bread; and

don't you bring home a nice bit of fish sometimes; and Emmie and baby are well, and haven't I got you ?'

'Very well, mother,' said Charlie again; and he took up his basket and went off a slower step than usual, and without the cheery whistle that his mother loved to hear.

Perhaps it was because he went on his way with downcast eyes that he caught sight of something bright, half-buried in the dust of the street. He sprang forward, and snatched it up almost from under the wheels of a passing carriage.

'Hallo, you youngster, look out!' called the driver.

But Charlie neither heard nor cared. Hiding the treasure in his innermost pocket, he stood for a moment thinking what he should do.

Home to mother was the first thought. But no, it was already late; he would go first to his master and tell him.

No matter what had been under his feet, he flew along too fast to see it, and when his master looked up at his quick entrance, and said, 'Late, Charlie,' he drew him into an inner room with such an air of mystery that the man's curiosity was excited.

Very cautiously he showed his find.

'Well, you are a lucky chap!' said his master. 'This is evidently very valuable. We must find the owner.'

'Will you take care of it, sir ?'

'Well, no; perhaps you had better take it to your mother. Look alive, as it's late.'

Charlie's mother was preparing for her move when he ran in, and, too breathless and excited to speak, put the treasure into her hand. But it does not take a boy very long to 'get his wind,' as they express it.

'Look, mother!' he said. 'I think thems what you calls dimonds, and them other stones is what you reads of in the Bible, what the walls of heaven are made of, you know. I think we shall get as much as a pound for it—twenty shillings!'—in an awe-struck tone. 'Hide it, mother, and don't let anybody in!' And off he ran, leaving his mother 'all in a flutter,' as she said afterwards.

About an hour after, Lena left to advertise the lost watch. I went out with my boy Sydney to do some morning shopping, and among other places called at the fishmonger's.

'I'm afraid I can't send your fish quite so soon this morning, ma'am,' he said. 'I have sent my lad home;but he's a good little fellow, and never loiters.'

'Quite an exception, is he not ?' I said, smiling.

'Indeed he is, ma'am. No one knows how I have been troubled with my errand-boys. While customers are waiting, and they know it, they play with other boys, or sit on their baskets for ever so long, and of course I get the blame; but this lad can be trusted "out of sight," as they say. Why, only this morning he picked up a valuable watch, and brought it straight to me.'

'Hurrah!' exclaimed Sydney. 'Why, that's mother's watch! Won't poor Lena be glad!' And he had performed some wonderful capers before I could speak.

'Well, that beats all!' said the fishmonger. 'Why, they're that poor since the father died that they haven't enough to eat, and to-day they are moving out of their old home!'

'I am indeed glad my watch has fallen into honest hands,' I replied. 'I have offered a reward of £10 for it.'

'Why, ma'am, it will just make their fortunes! Well, I am glad—begging your pardon, ma'am sorry for "your loss."'

Very soon we were in a carriage, and driving to the widow's address. She had resumed her packing, and greatly was she surprised when we drew up at her door. But when, after telling her what I had heard of her boy, I counted out the ten pieces of gold, she quite broke down, and, overwrought by her previous trouble and the events of the day, she sobbed so much that it was some time before I could soothe her.

Then we had a long talk. She told me her life history, and of the death of her husband six months before in hospital, but brightened up when she spoke of her son.

'There never was a better!' she said. 'He brings me every penny he earns, or that the customers give him. They all like my Charlie—but oh, lady, the best of our good fortune is, that he won't doubt God any more! I was so afraid of that!'

Well, the widow's rent was paid, her home saved, and some treasures she had been obliged to pawn redeemed. Her house was a corner one, and had a small bow window. It was older than the small red-brick tenements which had grown up round it—the very place for a shop! How often she had wished to open one there! But it was impossible, without going into debt, which she had resolved she would never do.

One result of our talk was that after a few alterations the window was stocked with a variety of small wares, and to Charlie's intense delight the widow found herself the proud possessor of a shop, where Lena and Sydney took care to be the first customers.

Again I sat by my window, listening to the swish of the waves, but thinking this time of the chain of events which had brought help to the widow in her need. Was it all chance ?

Did You Ever Think.

That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation ?

That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it ?

That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one immense act of goodness once a year.

That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more ladylike, but more refined than having 'company manners ?'

That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar?

That to talk, and talk, and talk about yourself and your belongings is very tiresome for the people who listen ?—'Our Sunday Afternoon.'

There is one mother who has thousands and thousands of children. You can spell her name with an L and an A and a Z and a Y! Do you know any of them ?

LESSON X.—MARCH 11.

The Paralytic Healed.

Mark II., 1-12. Memory verses 9-12. Read Matthew iv., 23-25; Mark 1., 35-45.

Daily Readings.

M. The Leper. Mk. 1: 35-45.
T. Under Sin. Rom. 3: 1-20.
W. By Faith. Rom. 3: 21-31.
T. In Peace. Rom. 5: 1-11.
F. His Sake. I Jn. 2: 1-12.
S. Our Witness. Rom. 8: 1-21.

Lesson Text.

And he entered again into Capernaum after some days; and it was noised that he was in the house. (2.) And straightway many were gathered together, insomuch that there was no room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door: and he preached the word unto them. (3.) And they come unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four. (4.) And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay. (5.) When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee. (6.) But there were certain of the scribes sitting there and reasoning in their hearts. (7.) Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God only? (8.) And immediately when Jesus perceived in his spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, he said unto them, Why reason ye these things in your hearts? (9.) Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk? (10.) But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (he saith to the sick of the palsy.) (11.) I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed and go thy way unto thine house. (12.) And immcdiately he arose took up the bed, and went forth before them all; insomuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion.

Golden Text.

'The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.'—Mark II., 10.

Suggestions.

After healing the multitudes who came to him at Peter's house in Capernaum, Jesus took his disciples out into the other towns of Galilee to preach the glad tidings there. As he was preaching and healing in the synagogue, one day a leper came to him to be healed.

'"Unclean! Unclean!" Oh, for one human hand
To rest in pity on that aching brow!
For one kind word, one look that did not shrink
In loathing and disgust, at sight of him!
Oh, life in death! what sorrow can compare
With this, the leper's anguish and despair?
"Unclean! Unclean!" Yet even as he cried.
One came to meet him, One with kingly grace,
Nor moved aside to give the leper place,
But cast on him a look so full of love,
A look which shook the outcast's very soul,
That, falling on his knees, the leper cried,
"Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst!" The answer came.
"I will!"—in deep compassion—"Be thou clean!"
And then a hand—the Hand that made the world,
Had he but known it, rested on his brow,
And 'neath its touch the leper rose up cleansed.'

The man thus cleansed and healed was so filled with gratitude to the Saviour, that he spread the fame of his healing power far and near. So anxious were the people to see and hear Jesus that he found it best to remain in the lonely country places, yet even here crowds flocked from every side to hear him.

After some time our Lord went back to Capernaum and probably again stayed at Peter's house. As soon as the news got around that Jesus was in the city, the people hurried to crowd to the house to hear him. As he was preaching, there came four men bearing a poor paralysed invalid on a mat. But the people had crowded round Jesus and filled up the doorway, so that there seemed to be no way of getting near the Saviour. The friends of the invalid were not discouraged by the seeming impossibility of bringing him to Jesus, but with some ingenuity they got up on the low flat roof and removing some of the matting or slabs with which the roof was covered, made a hole through which they could easily let down the mat whereon lay the sick man.

The palsy or paralysis with which thi man was afflicted may have been brought on by excessive self indulgence. But in the long hours of weariness and pain the invalid had had time to think over his past life, and to think of the future life. He must have seen that his heart was not right toward God and that he therefore was not fit to spend eternity in God's presence. What could be done? Could such a sinner as he be forgiven? Perhaps in this frame of mind he was brought to Jesus, who greeted him with a loving and hearty assurance of forgiveness.

But the Saviour and the sinner were not alone, there were a number of scribes and great men there, who immediately, in their own minds, questioned his words. They thought that he was blaspheming God in taking upon himself to forgive as only God could; yet they wondered how a Teacher who, but the moment before, was holding them entranced with his gracious preaching of God's love and power could possibly utter such blasphemy. They did not understand that Jesus was the Son of God.

Jesus knowing their thoughts asked why they doubted his power to forgive. They thought it impossible for him to forgive sins, but he would show them that he could do apparent impossibilities, so he said to the incurable invalid, 'Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way.' Then the sick man received healing and strength and taking up his bed, which was merely a large mat, arose and walked out of the house. The crowds were amazed and filled with reverent thanksgiving to God for the wondrous sight they had witnessed.

Illustration.

(1.) The first great need of each being is the forgiveness of sins. A religion that can't assure us of God's forgiveness is a vain religion. (2.) This is so because unforgiven sin shuts us away from God and heaven. We could not look in God's face, or endure his presence, or the presence of the holy, with our sins unforgiven. (3.) Forgiveness is not merely the taking away of the punishment of sin, but it is restoration to the family of God, to his favor, to the enjoyment of his love, as children and heirs of God. (4.) Forgiveness includes the washing away of sin. It will be remembered no more. The past life will be seen in the radiance of God's love, which will make us forget the sin in admiration of God's goodness, and mercy, and love, in the salvation of such as we are. (5.) Sin is forgiven for Christ's sake, because he has by his atonement made it possible for God to be just, and yet justify (forgive) those who believe. The atonement removes the evil which would come upon the individual and upon the community if free pardon were offered to all, without this preparation and condition.—From 'Peloubet's Notes.'

C. E. Topic.

March. 11.—Rejecting Christ. Mark 12: 1-9.

Junior C. E Topic.

REJECTING CHRIST.

Mon., Mar. 5. Through wilfulness. Mark 14: 57. 58.

Tues., Mar. 6. Through disobedience. Mark 10: 22.

Wed., Mar. 7. Through indifference. John 1: 11.

Thur., Mar. 8. Through neglect of others. Prov. 14: 31.

Fri., Mar. 9. By barring His progress. Matt. 13: 58.

Sat., Mar. 10. By speaking against Him. Luke 23: 39.

Sun., Mar. 11. Topic—What are some ways of rejecting Christ? Mark 12: 1-9.

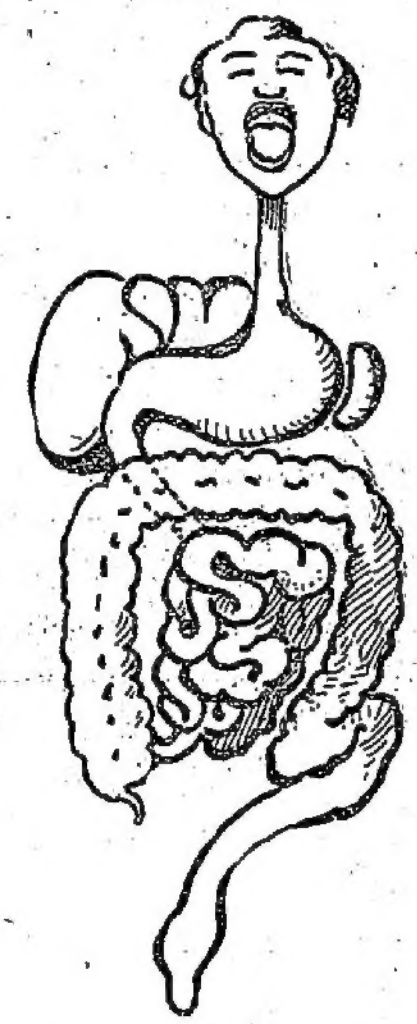
Alcohol Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VII.—EFFECT OF ALCOHOL UPON THE STOMACH.

1. Q.—What is the stomach?

A.—The stomach is an irregular sac, in a grown person holding about three pints. When food is swallowed, it passes into the stomach to be digested.



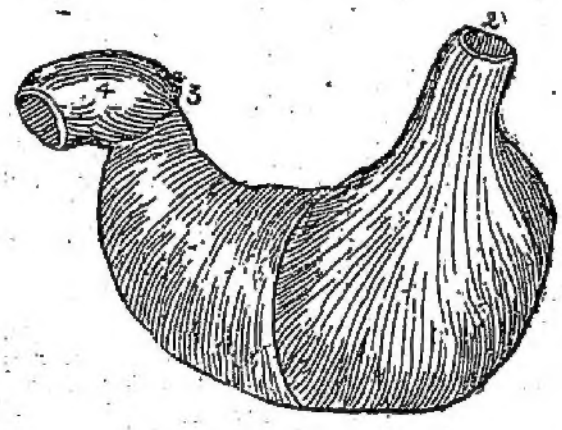
This illustration shows the complete digestive organs; the esophagus, or gullet, is the passage through which food and drink pass to the stomach. Next are the stomach, liver, small and large intestines, and lastly the rectum.

2. Q.—Of what use is food?

A.—When digested, it gives us all the strength we have.

3. Q.—How is it digested?

A.—A fluid is secreted from the inner membrane of the stomach, called gastric juice. The middle coat of the stomach contracts and expands, churning the food and mixing it well with this gastric juice, which dissolves it, or digests it.



THE STOMACH.

This shows the middle or muscular coat of the stomach, which contracts during digestion. Numbers 1 and 2 are where the esophagus joins the stomach. 3 is the gate

which does not let the food into the intestines until digested. 4 is the duodenum, the first of the small intestines.

4. Q.—What now becomes of the food?

A.—Part of it passes into the blood by absorption from the stomach, but the greater portion goes into the intestines. The nutritious part is taken up, and sent to the liver, where the bile acts upon it before it flows into the blood. The useless matter is carried out of the body through the intestines.

5. Q.—How does alcohol affect the stomach and the gastric juice?

A.—It inflames the delicate membrane of the stomach, absorbs the gastric juice, and precipitates or makes lumpy the pepsin which is the chief digestive element of the gastric juice, thus hindering digestion, and making it imperfect.

6. Q.—How do we know this?

A.—From experiments by physicians.

7. Q.—How were the most valuable experiments made concerning the effect of alcohol upon the stomach?

A.—Alexis St. Martin was shot in the stomach, and when the wound healed, an opening was left, large enough to allow Dr. Beaumont, his doctor, to look inside the stomach, and see how different things affected digestion.

(To be Continued.)

The Men of the Future.

(By Jessie Forsyth, in 'Youth's Temperance Banner.')

It is told of a famous preacher, who gazed on an eager crowd
Of lads who had come to hear him, that with reverence grave he bowed,
And he said, 'Oh, boys, I salute you and I give you homage free;
For you are men of the future, and who knows what you may be?

'It may well be that here among you are those who will gain renown;
In the battle of life the victors, the winners of fame's bright crown;
The heroes, the martyrs, the prophets of the days to be; the men
Who will sway the impulse of millions with fervor of voice or pen.

'Before me there may be the statesman whose wisdom shall rule the realm,
And who amid raging tempests shall stand with his hand on the helm
Of our good Ship of State, till she weathers the fiercely howling blast,
And comes into port with our brave old flag still flying at her mast.

'Or there may be the man of science who from Nature's grasp shall wrest
Her treasured lore; or the healer by whose art shall mankind be blest;
Or the maker of wondrous music with magic in every tone;
The soldier to win our battles; the explorer of lands unknown.'

The good man might have gone further to show the reverse of the shield,
For tares are scattered among the wheat in many a fruitful field.
And in that assemblage of fair young lives so earnest, and so gay,
Might be the vile, the dissolute, or the base of a later day.

Ah, the thought was too sad to utter; 'twere well, if it crossed his mind,
That he lifted his heart in anguish to the Saviour of mankind;
That he prayed, as he thought of temptations which each list must endure:
'Guide these men of the future, O Father, and keep them true and pure.'

A young girl who is to-day a toiling seamstress in London, might have been a well-to-do lady in high society had it not been for an act of folly committed in her earliest years. She was then very beautiful, and attracted the attention of a rich young lord, who would have honorably made her his wife. But one morning during their wooing he called on her unexpectedly, and found her smoking a cigarette. This was so striking a contrast to his high ideal of her innocence and modesty that he terminated their engagement. The girl's fatal freak cost her a title and a fortune.—'Christian Herald.'

Correspondence

Eden, Man.

Dear Editor,—I go to school this winter. The scholars go to a hill not far from the school, and ride on a toboggan. The toboggan often upsets, and with it a number of children. I have lived in Manitoba all my life, and I never saw a winter with so little snow as this one. We have a Galician working here, and he says it is doubery weather, (doubery means good.) I am sending a poem entitled 'Popping Corn.' I hope you will find room to print it. We take the 'Northern Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and I think it is pretty well read among the scholars. Everyone likes the continued story.

ETHEL S. GROVER.

POPPING CORN.

I.

Just when the room is getting dark,
And the night wind whistles low,
The children gather round the fire,
All in a merry row.
Now's the time for bubbles light,
And tops may spin at morn,
But just when the twilight shadows fall
Is the time to pop the corn.
See it! Hear it! pop, pop, pop,
Hippity, skippity, hop, hop, hop.
Dolls and hoops may do for morn,
But night's the time to pop the corn.

II.

Golden grains, in your hand you hold,
But into the pan they go,
And quick as a wink, the wizard heat
Will turn them all to snow.
Shake them up with a steady hand,
Over the fire-light bright,
Then turn them into the big brown bowl,
In their fluted caps of white.
See them! Hear them! pop, pop, pop,
Hippity, skippity, hop, hop, hop,
Kites and tops may do for morn,
But night's the time to pop the corn.

Agincourt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and five sisters. My youngest sister is a cripple. She is two years old. She cannot walk. We all go to Sabbath-school and get the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. My birthday in on March 14. I have just one grandma, but she is far away.

JENNIE M. (aged 14.)

Maxwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—The superintendent of the Owen Sound branch of the Y. M. C. A., says they are very scarce in religious reading for the prisoners in the jail. Now if your young correspondents would send the 'Messsenger' and other Sabbath-school papers by mail to this gentleman, Mr. W. J. Shean, Owen Sound, they would be gladly distributed, and give great pleasure to those unfortunate people who have so little to read. The inmates of the jail are not all criminals. As there is no House of Refuge in the County, many of the destitute poor are sent there for a home through the winter.

Yours sincerely,

'LOO.'

Delorraine, Man.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed please find 30 cents for which please send me the 'Messenger' next year. I could not do without the 'Messenger.' There must be a great many children who take your paper. I like to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Jennie Breathour. I will close.

ANNIE C. KERR.

Olive, Man.

Dear Editor,—Many thanks for the two prizes I received, they were lovely books. My uncle and cousin were out from Ontario, last summer, and we had what my uncle called a concert every night. We had lots of games, and my two brothers played the violin. My other brother played the mouth-organ, and lots of singing, so he thought we had a good time. They were very sorry to leave us, and we were all sorry to see them go. I have knitted a long pair of stockings for myself this winter.

CLARA PRECIOUS (aged 12.)

Collingwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am pleased to be able to send you three new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger.' We enjoy reading it very much, and like your 'Find-the-Place-Almanac.' My twin brother Willie B. and I wish you to enroll our names with your Bible Searchers. I got a fine Bible History at Christmas, and our music teacher gave us a magic lantern. We have a book about the Bible called 'Easy Steps for Little Feet,' and a large 'Child's Bible.' Wishing you a prosperous New Year.

B. D. MOULTON.

Spring Bay, Algoma, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think the Find-the Place-Almanac is an excellent way to encourage the young folks to search the Bible, for, as you truly say, it is the most important and very best book in the world. And though I am not a boy, but an old man, I should like, with your permission, to join the Roll of Bible Searchers. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I do not know of a better paper for a Sunday-school. I read Dr. Chiniquy's book, 'Fifty years in the Church of Rome,' and should like very much to have the one he did not get quite finished before he died; could you tell me where I can get it, and the price. If you can tell in the next 'Messenger' I shall be very thankful and it might be glad news to other subscribers. Wishing you a very happy New Year, and the 'Messenger' a very prosperous one.

I remain, yours sincerely,

EBENEZER TRACY.

'Forty Years in the Church of Christ,' by Rev. Charles Chiniquy is published by the Revell Co., Toronto (price $2.50.) This very interesting and instructive book is edited by Dr. Chiniquy's son-in-law, Rev. J. L. Morin, 65 Hutchison St., Montreal, and may be ordered from him.

Letters Received From

Fred H. M., Bessie M. M., Maggie Kelly, George McRae Laidlaw, Mamie R., Mary C., Jane C. M., Agnes E. R., Winnie B., Lottie M. S., M. E. Pearl, Mary Allen, Annie Allen, Louisa D. Sterling, Ethel B. Tait, Amy S., Cyrella, Ebenzer Tracy, Maudie Talbot, Gertrude May Talbot, Stanley, Henry C. Verner, Edna Johnson, Sarah Ann Anderson, Eliza Hales, E. M. Hales, Arthur C. S., Lester S., Amy D., Egerton E. Smith, John A. McDonald, A. E. Reid, Elroy G. Gould, Clifton K., Charlie McHarg, David McHarg, Georgie Goodfellow, Millicent A. Milroy, Isabella Jean Hill, Hazel M. Shearer, Percy F., Robert L. Brown, R. J., Erlie Burton, Nellie I. R., Aggie Sweeney, Maggie M. M., Belle Leask, John Amell, Minnie M., Jennie B., Harry Salvisburg, Mary H. A., Martha A. A., Maggie Craig, Adam H., Alfred S. McDiarmid, Jennie M., Cecilia McGruther.

Successful Workers

PLEASED WITH THEIR PREMIUMS.

Lower Salmon Creek, N.B., Jan. 17.

Dear Editor,—It is quite a while since I have written to you, so I thought I would write to thank you for the napkin ring you sent me, as a premium for seven new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger.' We all think it very pretty. When I showed it to papa, he said he guessed that was worth working for. EDNA F. BAIRD (aged 9.)

Folly Village, N.S., Jan. 31.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for nearly three years, and like it very much. I saw in the premium list a Bible offered for two new subscribers. I got two new ones, and got the Bible. It is very nice. I like it very much. I don't know how you can give such nice Bibles, and such a nice paper, for so little money. I will be looking for this letter to be printed in the 'Northern Messenger.'

Yours truly,

EDNA JOHNSON (aged 11.)

Norwood, Jan. 3.

Dear Editor,—I received the nut-crackers, and six picks, and I think they are lovely, far beyond my expectation. I thank you for them, and next year I will try to get more subscribers. JENNIE A. ROBSON.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Unfortunate Member of the Household.

'I never had a piece of bread
Particularly large and wide,
But what upon the floor it fell,
And always on the buttered side.'

We prefer the word 'unfortunate' to the one that would perhaps most naturally slip in here—'unlucky.'

In very many families there is one member who comes to be looked upon as the unfortunate one. Once let the title be appended and it sticks like a burr. And once let a child or a young person fall into the belief that misfortune is bound to attend him or her, and it is astonishing how quickly the little mishaps, accidents and misfortunes will multiply. It is hardly probable that parents or those having household matter in their care realize the abiding injury that is likely to fasten on any one who receives and fosters an impression like this.

'I was always the unfortunate member of our family'; how many of us can recall hearing some apparently luckless man or woman utter this plaint in a half smiling, half forlorn way, as if in self-pity, and also in a kind of apology for an unfortunate condition.

No member of a household should be allowed to hold or to nurture such a notion as this, for that it is purely a notion and nothing else at the outset, is a simple fact. Afterward, when the notion has been allowed to become a belief, habit, joined with non-resistance of what is purely a careless tendency, will make it really appear that misfortunes of various kinds are not to be avoided, and so the victim yields to the idea, and adverse happenings become the things looked for and experienced.

What a pity; and what a mistake!

'That child can't help spilling his milk and dropping food all over himself,' says one mother to a visitor, who is silently wondering why 'Benny' sits at an isolated corner of the table, a huge towel under his plate and a brown gingham pinafore tied about his neck. 'He always has been an unfortunate little fellow,' the mother adds, 'and it is no use trying to make him like the other children, so I've given up, and let him do as he has to.'

Benny for the first time feels a sense of shame in being unlike the other children, and in childish confusion turns away from the visitor's kindly eyes, and attempts to drink his milk while looking sideways out of the window. As a result his throat and the contents of the mug fail to connect, he chokes, a little puddle of milk forms in his plate, and his mother exclaims, 'There! what did I tell you?'

A little quiet observation leads the visitor to determine on trying an experiment with Benny. She calls the boy to her room and asks kindly if he wouldn't rather be like the other children, neat and free from so many uncomfortable little accidents.

'But I can't,' says Benny. 'I'm the unlucky one.'

The lady very soberly but gently tells him there is really no such thing as luck or as being unlucky. Such things are said in sport, then people begin to think there is something earnest about them. 'Now, Benny,' she adds brightly, 'I'll give you a bright new penny every time you get through a meal without spilling your milk or dropping your food.'

Before long the entire family except the visitor—who really is a summer boarder—begins to wonder what has come over Benny. He actually is restored to a place at the table beside his father, where he dearly loves to sit. Other habits of Benny's undergo a change. 'The boy is getting lucky,' some one declares.

A very considerate friendly talk with the mother before the sojourner departs opens the maternal eyes, and shows what a ruthless mistake she was making with a careless, sensitive, but perfectly fortunate child; for Benny had far greater tendencies toward meeting good rather than ill fortune, come to exercise a little tact and decision in his training.

Some one remarked not long ago that it was astonishing, the amount of cruelty practiced upon children who yet were never abused. That was the idea expressed. It can easily be seen what was meant by the remark. More than one child of loving, indulgent parents goes handicapped through life because of the lack of judicious training, and the lack of common sense on the part of those parents.

If so-called unlucky tendencies seem to attach to any member of the household, if the ink 'gets' spilled in Jennie's room, or her dresses 'get' torn, if Tommy loses his things continually or has a regular habit of upsetting things at the table, as you value Jennie's future happiness or Tommy's future manliness, take the child directly in hand! Instead of the least encouragement of such an idea that either are bound to be unfortunate, drive out and rout out what is a mere habit of carelessness, a growing tendency to neglect small faults, and Jennie's and Tommy's slice of bread will no longer fall to the floor on the buttered side, for it will not fall at all.—'Christian Work.'

Coloring Sheepskins.

(By J. L. Irwin, in N. E. 'Homestead.')

For a bedroom, sitting room or parlor, a sheepskin rug is adapted, because owing to its home manufacture it can be made to correspond or harmonize with the other furnishings of the room. It is also inexpensive and one of the most beautiful rugs made.

Select a skin, or skins (if one is not large enough), on which the wool is long and as even as possible. Coarse wool is generally liked best. Take a tub of soft water, as hot as the hands will bear—care should be taken not to have the water too hot, as that will cause the wool to drop out—and make a strong soapsuds. Wash thoroughly in this, and put it through another suds, care being taken to have them at a like temperature. When thoroughly washed, rinse well in clear water, also of the same degree of heat, washing all the suds out. Then wring out as dry as possible, and fasten on the side of some shed or outbuilding to dry. Fasten with nails, stretching the skin as much as possible. While it is drying comb out the wool occasionally with a coarse comb. When thoroughly dry it is ready to color.

Any good dye can be used. In preparing the dye follow the directions given with the powder, being sure, however, that when applied, the liquid is the same temperature as were the suds and rinse water. Have the dye in some shallow pan to make the task of dipping in the wool an easy one. In doing this, care should be taken not to wet the skin more than is necessary.

Before this is done it is well to prepare a place, if such an one is not handy, where the skin can be laid out flat. If there is no floor or walk where the dye will do no harm, lay a number of boards on the ground. When the wool is saturated with the dye, lay the skin out with the wool side up, and with the hands rub and mix the coloring well into the wool, pouring on more dye as it is needed. When this is done, roll up tightly with the wool side in, and leave it for about ten minutes. Then once more stretch it up to dry as before, still being careful to stretch it to its utmost. It should be dried in the shade, not in the sun.

When thoroughly dry, comb out once more, trim off the bare places on the skin around the edges, and your rug is done unless it is to be lined. For this any desirable material may be used. These rugs have a very rich appearance.

On Keeping Promises.

The sacredness of promises is too carelessly considered. There seems to be a growing laxity in regard to keeping them and very few realize that a promise made and accepted in good faith, when broken without good cause, comes dangerously near that point where it may be called a lie. Much of this indifference to keeping promises is the result of early training. Children have their sense of truth dulled by the too frequent habit some parents have of promising what they never intended to do. Unwise mothers in their haste, promise or threaten their children, even from the cradle, with rewards and punishments which they never mean to give, and at so imitative a period the children can hardly fail to be impressed by such examples. Many teachers follow the same line of conduct until, in almost every treatise on school government the would-be successful teacher is warned not to threaten or to promise without fulfilling.

Insincerity seems to flourish everywhere persons make contracts and break them with careless indifference. Teachers will contract for a school term and then for the sake of a better position or for some trivial reason will resign. Women, in this particular, are special sinners, and it is no uncommon thing for a teacher to give up her school in the middle of the term without a thought of the embarrassment the vacancy will cause. Nor is the case any better in society. This seems to be a field where insincerity finds fertile soil, where 'promises are lightly made and lightly broken.' Sometimes promises must be broken, hindering circumstances prevent their fulfilment, but this is not often and in the main they may, with a little effort, be kept. It is well to pay scrupulous attention to even trifling ones, for the habit of neglecting these leads to the neglect of graver ones and thus lowers the moral standard, for broken promises mean broken faith.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

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Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'